

DRESS GOODS—JOS. HORNE & CO.

JOS. HORNE & CO.

Nothing

In Dress Goods line ever sold at price with so much merit as these New All-Wool Cashmeres—all colors and black, 45 inches wide,

30c a yard.

Special sale 40 pieces fine all-wool Black Coating Serge and Priestley's Camel's Hair at exactly Half Price,

38c a yard.

One case Navy and Black Serge, splendid for traveling or general wear dresses,

40c a yard.

8,000 yards Habutal, Kalki and other assorted lots Striped Wash Silks,

25c a yard.

regular 35c and 45c goods.

Our Mail Order Dept. glad to serve you by sending samples, catalogue or direct orders,

Penn Avenue and Fifth Street,
PITTSBURGH.

WHISKIES.

OLD Export Whiskey.



GUARANTEED 8 YEARS OLD.

It is a duty and our desire to acquaint you with the excellent quality of our Old Export Whiskey when you need this article for medicinal or family purposes. There is none on the market more entitled to your consideration than this. Purely and being free from all injurious ingredients should command your attention.

FULL QUARTS.....\$1.00.

Sold in Wheeling only by **JOHN KLARI**, Cor. Market and Sixteenth streets. Mail and express orders will receive prompt attention. **JOS. FLEMING & SON**, 412 Market street, Pittsburgh. JAS. TILLEY

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

Valuable Manufacturing Property.

By virtue of a deed of trust made by the American Fire & Marine Insurance Company to the undersigned as trustee, bearing date the twenty-eighth day of July, A. D. 1880, and of record in the clerk's office of the county court of Hancock county, West Virginia, in Deed of Trust Book "C," folios 477, 478, 479 and 380, I will on

TUESDAY, MARCH 24, A. D. 1896, commencing at 10 o'clock a. m., proceed to sell at public auction at the works of the American Fire & Marine Insurance Company, located near New Cumberland, in the county of Hancock, in the state of West Virginia, all the following described property, that is to say: All that certain tract of land lying upon the Ohio river in Butler district, Hancock county, state of West Virginia, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a stake on the Ohio river, corner to lands of Freeman Brothers, near the mouth of the river, and thence down said river south eight degrees west (south 8° west) thirty-nine (39) poles; thence south sixteen degrees west (south 16° west) fifty (50) poles; thence south eight degrees west (south 8° west) fifty-five (55) poles to a stake, corner to lot of Freeman and Anderson, thence leaving the river south eighty-one (81) poles and one-half degrees (south 81½° east, forty-seven (47) poles; thence north fifteen degrees (15° east) ten (10) poles; thence the line of Brown Brothers north eighty-four (84) and one-half degrees (84½° east) one hundred and twenty (120) poles to a stone on the corner of Freeman's lands; thence north twelve degrees (12° west) one hundred and twenty (120) poles to a sugar and hickory tree; thence south eighty-one (81) poles and one-half degrees (south 81½° east) one hundred and twenty (120) poles to the place of beginning aforesaid, containing one hundred and twenty (120) acres and one-half (12½) acres more or less, saving and reserving, however, the right of the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati & St. Louis Railway Company to a strip of land conveyed out of said tract to it by Patricia J. Freeman, sixty (60) feet wide, bearing ten (10) feet east of the center line of said tract, and extending along the whole river front of said tract, and also granting to the said party or the second part all buildings, improvements, machinery and fixtures situated and being on said above described tract. New and John Klari, Trustee.

TERMS OF SALE—One-third of the purchase money cash in hand, one-third thereof with interest in six months, and the residue thereof within one month after the date of the sale, the purchaser being required to give his notes with good security for the deferred payments, the title being retained as until such security.

GIBSON L. CRANMER, Trustee.

LEGAL NOTICES.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

The State of West Virginia, Ohio County, ss.
In the Circuit Court of Ohio County, West Virginia, February Rules, 1896.
A. C. Harold vs. Margaret Elwood, John Elwood, James Elwood, Patrick Elwood, Edward Elwood, Mary Elwood, Alice Elwood, Annie Elwood and John Elwood, her husband, Dealia Lapi (alias Bridget Lapi), and Harry Lapi, her husband, the Mutual Savings Bank of Wheeling, and George B. Caldwell, trustee, and Joseph Warner, in Chancery.
The object of this suit is to subject the real estate in the county of Wheeling, West Virginia, of which Patrick Elwood died seized, to sale for the purpose of paying the liens against it, from an affidavit filed in said cause, and from the affidavits of the defendants, John Elwood, James Elwood, Dealia Lapi (alias Bridget Lapi) and Harry Lapi, her husband, and the second part of the order of publication is entered against them, and it is ordered that the said defendants, above named, be and are required to appear at the first day of the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interests. It is further ordered that this order be published and posted as required by law.
Witness, John W. Mitchell, clerk of our said court, the first day of February, 1896, to-wit: February Rules, 1896.
JOHN W. MITCHELL, Clerk.
Published first time February 1, 1896.
Attorney: JOHN W. MITCHELL, Clerk.
W. M. DUNLAP, Solicitor for Complainant. feb-14

FLORE.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN,
Author of "A Gentleman of France."
(Copyright, 1895.)
PART I.

It was about a month after my marriage—and third clerk to the most noble the bishop of Beauvais, and even admitted on occasions to write in his presence and prepare his minutes—who should marry if I might not?—It was about a month after my marriage, I say, monsieur, that the thunderbolt, to which I have referred, fell and shattered my fortunes. I rose one morning—they were firing guns for the victory of Rocroy, I remember, so that it must have been eight weeks or more after the death of the late king, and the glorious rising of the sun of France—and who so happy as I, a summer morning, monsieur, and bright, and I had all I wished. The river as it sparkled and rippled against the piers of the Pont Neuf far below, the wet roofs that winked under our garret window, were not more brilliant than my lord's fortunes, and as is the squirrel so is the tail. Of a certain I was happy that morning. I thought of the little but under the pinewood at Gabas, and my father coddling by the unglazed window, his nightcap on his bald head, and his face plastered where the sherd had slipped, and I put out my cheeks to think that I had climbed so high. High? How high might not a man climb who had married the daughter of the queen's under-porter, and had sometimes the ear of my lord, the queen's minister? My lord of Beauvais, in whom all men saw the coming master of France! My lord whose stately presence beamed on a world still chilled by the dead hand of Richelieu!

But that morning, that very morning, I was to learn that who climbs may fall. I went below at the usual hour: at the usual hour, monsieur left, attended, for the council; presently all the house was in an uproar. My lord had returned and called for Prosper. I fancied that I caught even then something ominous in the sound of my name as it passed from lip to lip, and hastened, scared, to the chamber. But fast as I went I did not go fast enough; one thrust me on this side, another on that. The steward cursed me, the head clerk stormed at me, the secretary waited for me at the door, and seizing me by the neck ran me into the room. "In, rascal, in!" he growled in my ear, "and I hope your skin may pay for it!"

Naturally, by this time I was quaking. Monsieur's looks finished me. He stood in the middle of the chamber, gnawing the nails of his left hand, and scowled at me, his handsome face pale and sullen. "Yes," he said, curtly, "that is the fellow!"

"Wretch!" the head clerk cried, seizing me by the ear and twisting it until I fell on my knees. "Imbecile! Or more likely he did it on purpose." "Bribed!" said the secretary.

"He should be hung up!" the steward cried truculently. "Before he does further mischief. And if my lord will give the word—"

"Silence!" the bishop said, with a dark glance at me. "What does he plead?"

The head clerk twisted my ear until I screamed. "Ingrate!" he cried. "Do you hear his grace speak to you? Answer!"

"My lord," I cried, piteously. "I have done nothing! Nothing!"

"Nothing!" half a dozen echoed. "Nothing!" the head clerk added, brutally. "Nothing, and you added a cipher to the census of Paris! Nothing, and your lying pen led my lord to state the population to be five millions! Instead of five hundred thousand!"

Nothing, and you sent his grace's highness to the council to be corrected by low clerks and people, and made a laughing stock for the cardinal, and—"

"Enough!" said the bishop, fiercely. "Hang him!" cried the steward.

"No, rascal, but have him to the courtyard, and let the grooms flog him through the gates. And have a care," he continued, addressing me, "that I do not see your face again, or it will be worse for you!"

I flung myself down and would have appealed against the sentence, but the bishop, between rage and discomfiture, turned, and before I could utter three words a dozen officious hands plucked me up and were thrusting me to the door. Outside worse things awaited me. A shower of kicks and cuffs and blows rained upon me; valvies struggling and shrieking; and seeking still to gain his ear, I was hurled along the passage to the courtyard, and there dragged amid brutal jeers and laughter to the fountain, and flung in. When I scrambled out, they thrust me back again and again, until trembling with cold and rage, I at last evaded them, only to be hunted round the yard with leathern and bridles that cut like knives, and drew a scream at every stroke. I doubled like a hare; more than once I knocked half a dozen men down; but I was fast growing exhausted, when some one more prudent or less cruel than his fellows, opened the gates and I darted into the street.

I was sobbing with rage and pain, dripping, ragged, and barefoot—some rogue had prudently drawn off my shoes in the scuffle. It was a wonder that I was not attacked and chased through the streets. Fortunately opposite my lord's gates opened the mouth of a little alley. I plunged into it, and in the first dark corner dropped, exhausted and lay panting in the mud. I who had risen so happily a few hours before! I who had climbed so high! I who had a wife new-married in my garret at home!

I do not know how long I lay there, now cursing the jealousy of the clerks, who would have flayed me to save themselves, and now the cruelty of the crowd, who thought it fine sport to whip a scholar. But the first tempest of passion had spent itself, when a woman—not the first woman my plight had attracted, but the others had merely shrugged their shoulders and passed on—paused before me. "What a white rascal!" she cried, looking great eyes at me. And then: "You are not a street-prowler. How come you here, my lad?"

I was silent, ashamed to meet her gaze.

She stood a moment staring at me curiously. Then: "Better go home, my lad, and shake your head sadly. Or those who have robbed you may end by worse. I doubt this is what comes of raking and night work. Go home, my lad," she repeated, and went on her way.

Home! The word raised new thoughts. I scrambled to my feet. I had a home—the bishop might deprive me of it; but I had also a wife, from whom God only could separate me. I felt a sudden fire run through me at thought of her, and of all I had suffered since I left her arms; and with new

boldness, I turned, and, sore and aching as I was, stumbled back to the place of my shame.

The steward and two or three of his underlings were standing in the gateway, and saw me come up, and began to leer. The high gray front of monseigneur's hotel, three sides of a square, towered up behind them; the steward sprawled his feet apart and set his hands to his stout sides, and jeered at me. "Here is the lame leper from the Cour des Miracles!" he cried. "Have a care of it, will you, tub! It's open," cried another. "Help yourself!"

A third spat at me and bade me begone for a pig. The passers—there were always a knot of gossips opposite monseigneur's palace in those days, when he had the queen's ear and bade fair to succeed Richelieu—stayed to stare.

"I want my goods!" I said, trembling. "Your goods?" the steward answered, swelling at my brazen cheek, and smiling at me over it. "Your goods indeed!" Begone, and be thankful you have escaped so well."

"My things from my room," I said stubbornly; and I tried to enter. He moved sideways so as to block the passage. "Your goods? They are monseigneur's," he said.

"My wife, then!"

He winked. "Your wife," he said. "Well, true, she is not monseigneur's. But she will do for me." And with a coarse laugh he winked again at the crowd.

At that the pent-up rage that I had stemmed so long broke out. He stood a head taller than I, but with a scream I sprang at his throat, and, with the very surprise of the attack, got him down and beat his face with my fists. His fellows, as soon as they recovered from their astonishment, tore me off; but by that time I had so marked him that the blood poured down his face. He scrambled to his feet, panting and furious, his oaths tripping over one another.

"Chatalet with him!" he cried, spitting out a tooth and glaring at me through the mud on his face. "He shall swing for this! He tried to break in! I call you to witness he tried to break in!"

"Ay, to the Chatalet! To the Chatalet!" cried the crowd, siding with the stronger party. He was my lord of Beauvais's steward; I was a rascal, and dangerous. A dozen hands held me tightly, yet not so tightly but that a coach passing at that moment and driving us all to the wall, I managed by a jerk—I was desperate by this time, and fierce as a wildcat, to snatch myself loose, and in a second was speeding down St. Antoine with the hue and cry behind me.

I have said I was desperate. In an hour the world was changed for me. In an hour I had broken with every tradition of safe and modest life; and from a sleek scribe became a ragged outlaw flying through the streets. I saw the walls, I felt the air sink like molten lead into the quivering back; I forgot all the danger, I lived only on my feet, and with them made superhuman efforts. Fortunately the light was failing, and in the first dash I distanced the pack by a dozen yards; passing the front of the Palais Royal so swiftly that the queen's guards, though they ran out at the alarm, were too late to intercept me. Thence I strained instinctively, and with the cry of pursuit in my ears, toward the old bridge, intending to cross to the Cite, where I knew all the lanes; but the bridge was alarmed; the Chatalet seemed to yawn for me; they were just lighting the braziers in front of the gloomy pile—and doubling back, while the air roared with shouts of warning—I shot by my pursuers and sped down the narrow Rue de la Chaussee, with the hue and cry close at my heels.

I had no plan now—only terror added wings to my feet; and the end of that street gained, I darted blindly down another, and yet another, with straining chest and legs that began to fail, and always in my ears the yells that rose around me as fresh pursuers joined in the chase. Still I kept ahead, I was even gaining; another turn, and with night thickening I might hope to escape. If I could baffle those who erom time to time—but in a half-hearted way, not knowing if I were armed—tried to stop me or trip me up.

Suddenly turning a corner, I had gained a quiet part where blind walls closed the alley, and I was running before me. At the same instant the posse in pursuit quickened their pace in a last effort; I in answer put forth my last strength, and in a dozen paces I came up with the man. He turned to me, our eyes met; desperate myself, I read equal terror in his, but before I could react on the fact, he bent himself forward as he ran, and with a singular movement flung a parcel he carried into my arms, and, wheeling abruptly, plunged into an alley on his left.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Close Call.

Mr. Isaac Horner, proprietor of the Burton House, Burton, W. Va., is about as well known to the men in his section. He says: "In April, 1882, I had a severe attack of rheumatism. The attack was so severe that our family physician was immediately called in and for about a month I was treated constantly by two physicians. Continuing to grow worse, I then placed myself under the care of one of the best physicians in this state at Wheeling. I continued to grow worse. I again called in our two family physicians and they continued to treat me for about a year.

I then tried several different patent medicines and liniments recommended by friends, but could get no relief whatever from anything and after being confined to my room, for over three years all this time unable to wait on myself and suffering the most excruciating pains. In fact, I have not sufficient command of language to convey any idea of what I suffered. My physicians told me that nothing could be done for anything and after being fully convinced that nothing but death would relieve me of my suffering.

In June, 1884, Mr. Evans, at that time salesman for the Wheeling Drug Company, recommended Chamberlain's Pain Balm. I decided to try it and bought a fifty-cent bottle. At this time my food and limbs were swollen more than double its normal size and it seemed to me my leg would burst, but soon after I began using the Pain Balm the swelling began to decrease, the pain to leave, and now I consider that I am entirely cured. I have no pain, the swelling has left my limb, and I walk anywhere that I can to go. I firmly believe that Chamberlain's Pain Balm saved my life and we would not be without a bottle of it in the house for ten times its cost." Sold by Druggists C. R. Goetze, W. W. Irwin, C. Schnepf, C. Menkemeller, John Klari, W. H. Hagie, H. C. Stewart, W. H. Menkemeller, A. G. Ehrle, Wheeling; Bowie & Co., Bridgeport; B. F. Peabody & Son, Benwood.

"The Derby Winner" To-night.

There is at least one scene in "The Derby Winner," Al Spinks' great comedy drama, that will appear at the Opera House, to-night, for the first time here, that stands far ahead of any similar representation that has ever been given to us in the past three or four seasons of realism. This is the second half of the second act, a representation of the stables at a race-course at the hour of mid-night. Half a dozen stall doors are shown, with the heads of well kept horses, and the men in the foreground, lying lazily about on benches and bales of hay, are a dozen stable boys. The scene opens with a dark melody, which is followed by a turn by the Eldridges, one of the cleverest of black-faced comedians. The entire effect follows closely upon the heels of one's fancy of what such a situation should be that it comes near being a masterpiece.

The healing and purifying qualities of Salvation Oil render it the best article for the speedy cure of ulcerated sores. 25c.

Dr. Miles' Pain Pills stop Headache.

BELLAIRE.

All Seats of Local News and Gossip from the Glass City.

There are now eight candidates for mayor in this city, and some of them have reached the point of ugly charges. This number is larger than was ever before known in a contest for the place, and it is a certainty that many of them are misled as to the importance of the office as a "bread winner." It is not worth quarrelling over on this score. Its principal attraction is honor and dignity, and frequently these are very obscure.

It is announced that Superintendent B. T. Jones, of the city schools, will leave the city at the close of the present school year. He has been at the head of the schools for more than a dozen years, and the announcement is now made to prevent a contest on this score in the selection of members of the board of education at the approaching election.

City Solicitor H. S. Armstrong is home from Sistersville, where the case of F. A. Sutton vs. the Henry Oil Company, being tried before him, was settled by agreement. Sutton being allowed his claim and the Henry Oil Company securing their right to a one-fourth interest in oil territory.

The Bellaire Steel Company now announces that in addition to manufacturing pig iron and Bessemer steel blooms, billets and slabs, at an early date the company will be prepared to furnish sheet bars, tin plate bars, bridge plates, skelp and other material.

The prohibitionists tried to hold a meeting Saturday evening to talk city politics. They usually get a ticket in the field at the eleventh hour, but some of them are backward about it this year.

Republican candidates must have their names handed to J. G. Hoffman, of the city committee, by to-morrow evening to insure that they be printed on the tickets for the primaries.

W. C. Crim, of Winchester, Va., and Miss Anna R. Merritt, daughter of Hugh Merritt, west of this city, were married recently by Rev. W. L. Alexander at the bride's home.

Hon. J. E. Blackburn was in town yesterday. He is an out and out candidate for food commissioner, but says that at this time Dr. McNeal has the pole in the race.

Editor D. H. Milligan, of the St. Clairsville Gazette, and ex-Recorder Creamer are just home from Washington City, where they spent a week sight-seeing.

Improvements in the front of Mayer & Degroote's dry goods store, on Belmont street, are completed and the appearance is greatly improved.

The steel works will start up this morning and will probably make a full week, as it was idle all of last week.

The ground has been broken for the foundation of Jacob Bonnysteel's \$25,000 ice plant in the First ward.

Homer Martin, of Moundville, W. Va., is the guest of the family of Dr. Long, in the Fourth ward.

The steel works went on this morning, and it is said the blast furnace will go on Wednesday.

Fred Eberle has sold his printing office to Oscar McKinley and will go back to railroad.

Robert Tyler and sister, of Virginia, are visiting their brother Ben, in the Fourth ward.

Miss Blanche Howard, of Wellsburg, is the guest of friends in the Third ward.

Fred Mercer starts to-morrow to attend business college in Wheeling.

The well at the water works has been newly cemented.

Mrs. R. C. Paris is visiting friends at Findlay.

"The Fire Patrol" To-night.

"The Fire Patrol," with all its realistic scenes and fire patrol wagon and horses, will be the attraction at the Grand Opera House Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, with matinee Wednesday. It is not necessary to go into a long review of the many features of this big production, as it has been seen here before and met with great success.

Hancock is All Right.

Frederick Hancock had two good houses at the Opera House Saturday. He is very clever in legedemane, though he does not offer anything startlingly original except the spectacular and scenic effects. The variety part of the entertainment was creditable and well rendered, especially Onri's performance on the big ball.

Marvelous Results.

From a letter written by Rev. J. Gunderson, of Dimondale, Mich., we are permitted to make this extract: "I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery, as the results were almost marvelous in the case of my wife. While I was pastor of the Baptist church at Rives Junction she was brought down with Pneumonia, succeeded by La Grippe. Terrible paroxysms of coughing would last hours with little interruption and it seemed as if she could not survive them. A friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery; it was quick in its work and highly satisfactory in results. Trial bottles free at Logan Drug Co.'s Drug Store. Regular size 50c and \$1.00."

A CANVASS among the druggists of this place reveals the fact that Chamberlain's are the most popular proprietary medicines sold. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, especially, is regarded as in the lead of all throat trouble remedies, and as such, is freely prescribed by physicians. As a group medicine, it is also unexcelled, and most families with young children keep a bottle always handy for instant use. The editor of the Graphic has repeatedly known Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to do the work after all other medicines had failed.—The Kinball, S. D., Graphic. For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

has never failed to cure Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, Croup, Grippe, Bronchitis, Asthma and other Throat and Lung Affections. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is worth its weight in gold, but costs only 25 cts. Tell your dealer you want Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Chew LANGE'S PLUGS, The Great Tobacco Ad-dict. 10c. Dealers or Mail, A. C. Meyers & Co., Baltimore.

CONSUMPTION

To the Editor—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. T. A. Bloom, M. C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

TO-DAY.

FRESH VEGETABLES. FRESH TOMATOES. FRESH CAULIFLOWER. FRESH RADISHES. FRESH GREEN ONIONS. FRESH BEANS. FRESH PEAS.

ALBERT STOLZE & CO.



back or objection to disproved, a thousand women are using one of them, who saves by it. Manu-

483

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The Business Man should bear in mind that the INTELLIGENCER BINDERY is thoroughly equipped to do first-class work. We respectfully solicit an order and will guarantee the work to be of a superior and excellent quality. Give us a trial order.

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DR. MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS.

Ask for DR. MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS and take no other. Send for circular. Price \$1.00 per box, 6 boxes for \$5.00. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., - Cleveland, Ohio.

For Sale by John Klari, Wholesale and Retail Agent.

COAL.

W. H. FEE.

—DEALER IN—